

## Tarzan the Untamed

**Troughs**  
*ational Story*

The girl shook her head. "It is useless," she said. "He would not understand and, if he did understand, he would not trust you. The blacks are so unprincipled themselves that

they can imagine no such thing as a principle or honor in others, and especially do these blacks distrust the English, whom the Germans have taught them to believe are the most treacherous and degraded of people. No, it is better thus. I am sorry that you cannot go with us, for if he goes high enough my death will be much easier than that which probably awaits you."

Ueanga had been continually interrupting their brief conversation in an attempt to compel the girl to translate it to him, for he feared that the

were concocting some plan to thwart him, and to quiet and appease him she told him that the Englishman was merely bidding her farewell and wishing him good luck. Suddenly she turned to the black. "Will you do something for me?" she asked. "I go willingly, with you."  
 "What is it you want?" he inquired.  
 "Tell your men to free the white man after we are gone. He can never catch us. That is all I ask of you. If you will grant him his freedom and his life, I will go willingly with you."  
 "You will—"  
 "Yes," she said.

growing up to go with me anyway, whether you like it or not. It is nothing to me whether you go willingly or not. I am going to be a great king and you will do whatever I tell you to do. He had in mind that he would start properly with this woman. Her husband should be no repetition of his growing experience with Naratu. This wife and the twenty-four other should be carefully selected and well trained. Hereafter Usanga would be master in his own house.

Berthel, however, saw that it was useless to appeal to the brute and he held her, ear to ear, and said:

filled with sorrow in contemplating the fate that awaited the young of flier, scarce more than a boy, who had impulsively revealed his love for her.

At Usanga's order one of the blacks lifted her from the ground and carried her to the

after Usanga had clambered aboard, they lifted her up and he reached down and drew her into the funnel where he removed the thongs from her wrists and strapped her into her seat and then took his own direct ahead of her.

turned her eyes toward the Englishman. She was very pale but her lips smiled bravely.

"Goodby!" she cried.

"Goodby, and God bless you!" he called back—his voice the least bit husky—as then: "The thing I wanted to say—may I say it now, or am I so very near the end?"

Her lips moved, but whether the voiced consent or refusal he did not know, for the words were drowned in the whirl of the propeller.

The black had learned his lesson sufficiently well so that the most was started.

machine was soon under way across the meadowland. A groan escaped the lips of the distracted Englishman as he watched the woman he loved being carried to almost certain death. He saw the planes tilt and the machine rise from the ground. It was

Good take-off—as good as L'eu-  
Harold Percy Smith-Oldwick could  
make himself, but he realized that it  
was only so by chance. At any in-  
stant the tree might plunge to  
earth and even if, by some miracle of  
chance, the black could succeed in  
rising above the tree tops and making  
a successful flight, there was not much  
chance in one hundred thousand that  
he could ever land again without kill-  
ing his fair captive and himself.

But what was that? His heart  
stole still.

CHAPTER XIV

FOR two days Tarzan of the Apes had been hunting leisurely to the north, swinging in a wide circle, had returned to within a short distance of the clearing where he had left Bertha Kircher and the young Lieutenant. He had spent the night in a large tree that overhung the river only a short distance from the clearing, and now in the early morning hours he was crouching at the

water's edge waiting for an opportunity to capture Pisah, the fish thinking that he would take it back with him to the hut, where he could cook it for herself and her companion.

Motionless as a bronze statue was the wily ape-man, for well he knew how wary is Pisah, the fish. The slightest movement would frighten him away and only by infinite patience might he be captured at all. Tarzan depended upon his own quickness and the suddenness of his attack, for he had no bait or hook. He

At last there was a glint of shining scales. Plah was coming. In a moment he would be within easy reach and then, with the fun of the chase, two strong hands would pluck him from the pool and seize him, but just

at the moment that the fish was about to come within reach there was a great crashing in the underbrush behind the ape-man. Instantly Ples was gone and Tarzan, growling, and wheeled about to face whatever creature might be menacing him. The moment that he turned he saw that the author of the disturbance was Zu-tag.

"What does Zu-tag want?" asked the ape-man.

(Read to-morrow's exciting chapter)